Masqueraded as a cold pillow.

sparkly fairy princess of the sadness (**elohvee**)

http://elohvee.livejournal.com/314963.html

2007-06-11 23:09:00

This should have been posted and dead long ago. And now it finally is, so. Yay!

Masqueraded as a cold pillow.

SPN. Sam and Jess and Dean and combinations thereof. Hard R. 2,028 words. Warnings for AU, incest, and angst. **~~la_folle_allure~~** also wants me to make a note of top!Dean, so consider yourself warned. Thank you to **~~poisontaster~~**, who read an early draft of this months ago. She helped fix many things and tried to fix even more, and anything else is my fault. Also, thank you just as much to Kate for coding and, more importantly, for helping me figure out how this story ends. And also because she listened to me whine and made me stop. ♥ Title from Clay Matthews.

> *I have masqueraded as a cold pillow*
> *and slippers by the bedroom door.*
>
> *I have worn the white sheets and acted*
> *as a ghost when you walked into the house.*

Outside, on the damp grass. She huddles into herself and Sam holds her, the windows blazing behind them. The glass blew out already.

Safe now, he whispers. *I promise you. You're safe.*

Dean's hand settles tight on his shoulder, and Sam knows. This isn't the first time he's lied to her.

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The air is heavy, wet through the window screen. Her skin is damp under his hands, her body soft. She whines and drags pink lines down his chest with her nails, mouth open and her eyes shut.

California's two thousand miles behind them.

Every breath Sam takes still tastes like smoke.

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I'm sorry, he tells her. He kisses the soft insides of her wrists. Presses his mouth to her belly and blows out hot breaths. He watches her stomach flutter away, ticklish. *I'm sorry. You shouldn't be here. I should've told you*.

She touches his jaw. Her fingertips are still red, unhealed. The skin should peel soon. *Yeah*, she says. Then: *I love you*.

He rests his head there, against her ribs. His thumb rubs circles into her hipbone. He cried, once, like this: trembling against her with her hand in his hair.

He tries again: *I'm sorry*.

This time, she lifts his chin in her palm and says, *Stop. Just stop*.

::

Sam's head bowed against his brother's chest. His hands on Dean's shoulders.

I knew, he whispers. *I dreamed it. I knew*.

Dean touches him. His ring is cold and heavy when his fingers scrape the back of Sam's neck, tugging him up. *Quiet*, he says. He leans his forehead against Sam's, and they slump against the wall, nose-to-nose. *You'll wake her*, Dean warns, pressing a dry kiss to his brother's mouth.

Jessica tugs her blanket a little closer, and she lets her eyes drop shut again.

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She watches them. In a parking lot, she flattens herself against the wall and watches them fighting back-to-back. A group of hicks who don't want to pay up, who lost more cash than they can spare.

Five to two, but Jess knows that's not the same as the odds.

It's over before it really starts. Sam gets a split lip and the skin over Dean's knuckles is ripped. They slump together and breathe. Rest. And

Dean laughs, drops back his head and laughs, throwing an arm around Sam's shoulders and finally.

Finally, Sam smiles.

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He spreads her thighs with big, warm hands. Kisses the edge of her waistband, tugs it down and runs his tongue over the skin where it used to be.

What do you want? If Jess closes her eyes, she can almost pretend they're home, but it's too hot. It's too cold. Sam reaches up and touches her face. *Jess?*

She sighs, and his hand trails away, pausing to cup her breasts, to trace her ribs. Over her goose-bumped skin and down to the rough curls between her legs.

What do you want? he says again, and Jess shakes her head against the pillow.

You know, she tells him. *You always know.*

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North Carolina. They lock her in the motel room and come back smelling like ocean, like salt. Wet and bloody and their boots are soggy, sloshing water when they walk.

Fuckin' little mermaid, Dean growls, stripping off his shirt. There's a five-inch gash across his torso; the sea water must hurt like all hell. He kicks off his boots, leaving puddles. *We should sue Disney. False advertising.*

Sam laughs, but his face is pale and drawn. *I'll look into it*, he promises. *Lie down.* To her: *Jess? Baby? You got the first aid kit?*

She does. Heavy in her hands, stocked better than most pharmacies. Jess chews her tongue and says, *I can do it.*

Dean's eyebrows go up. *You?*

She steps forward, eying the wound. Drops her hand to touch his stomach, just short of the cut. His skin is sweaty, cold under her fingertips. She shrugs. *I was pre-med. Let me.*

Was. Sam looks like she's slapped him. But he doesn't argue, just nods. *Yeah*, he says. *Go ahead. I'm gonna shower.*

::

She makes small, neat stitches. A little shaky, maybe, unused to living flesh under her hands. *Okay?* she asks. Dean grunts. It could mean anything.

He's scared of you.

Jess curls her hair behind her ear. *What?*

A shrug against the bedcovers, and then a groan when the needle dips in again. *Sam*, he says. *He thinks you're going to leave.*

He told you?

She snips the last thread and reaches for a bandage. Dean snorts.

No, he says. *Didn't have to.*

::

They go out and she stays in. Curled in on herself and staring mindlessly at the TV or leafing through their father's journal. Dean gets drunk sometimes, the sullen type of drunk, and Sam slips into her bed with cold, shaky hands when his brother turns his back.

He kisses her throat and Jess settles into him.

She sighs, and she turns so their hips bump, so she can tuck her head under his chin. *Sleep*, she says. She strokes the bare skin of his chest, his back, pale in the dark. His jeans still on, and when he shifts, tries to sit up and pull her closer, his belt buckle digs hard into her stomach.

He brushes his lips over her forehead, and her eyes fall shut. He asks her, *You feeling okay?*

She smiles. *Bit better. Go to sleep.*

::

In Alabama, they run off the road and spend the next week living out of a tiny street-side inn. Dean snaps at everyone and spends most of his time hidden under the Chevy, assessing the damage.

On Sunday, Sam goes shopping for supplies. Jess sits on the curb and watches Dean, watches the car.

She asked him once: *Is it bad?* and Dean looked ready to slap her, so she doesn't talk. Just hands him his water when he asks, and waits.

She sits and watches with a bottle of beer sweating by her side. She lifts it to her lips and closes her eyes to swallow, remembers lazy summer afternoons and Fourth of July barbeques. It's so far away, now: a place they left behind when they hit the interstate.

She feels heavy, slow, and sits back on her elbows, her feet crossed at the ankle. She says, *Dean?*

Yeah.

She lifts the bottle. Sets it down again. *I want to see you*, she tells him. *You and Sam. Together.*

The clinking of his tools stop. She can hear his breath catch. *Don't know what you're talking about*, he says gruffly, but the way it sounds tells her he does.

You'd do it if he wanted to, she says, and Dean rolls out from under the car. He eyes her with something between disbelief and a glare. Jess shrugs. *Wouldn't you?*

Fuck this, he mumbles. Gets to his feet. *Gonna go for a run*, he tells her. *Got my phone. Call me when he gets back.*

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She knows. Not telling, just making sure.

Dean nods. *Yeah. She knows.*

Sam draws in a breath, shuddery and slow. He tugs Dean's beer from his hand. Takes a swallow. Hands it back and says, *Okay*.

Okay.

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She sits at the edge of the bed in just her underclothes, cross-legged like a child.

Dean's eyes are on his brother, but Sam's watching her. He says, *Are you sure?* and Jess smiles, small and sad and complete. She nods twice. *How?* he asks her. *What do you want to see?*

This time, she laughs. Shows her teeth and tips her head back, so they can see the stretch of her throat. *I want to see **you***, she says. With emphasis. They understand.

Dean swallows. He kneels naked on top of the covers, Sam his mirror image. Dean reaches one hand to touch his shoulder. His thumb traces his brother's jaw, and Sam's eyes flutter shut.

They're awkward, at first. Mindful of her there, just to the side, just out of sight. Dean keeps looking to her, stolen little glances filled with more uncertainty and fear than she knew he could muster.

Sam trembles when Dean palms his cock. *Oh*, he says, like it's a surprise, or like he never knew. *Dean. **Dean**.*

Shh, Dean whispers. He kisses Sam's collarbone, then lets his lips fall open and drags his teeth. Pulls at his brother's dick like he's remembering, relearning. Like he forgot, but she knows he never did.

They talk. Nothing dirty, nothing to make her laugh. Just this, their own private language. Something she doesn't understand, can't, because it is theirs alone.

Chest heaving, Sam mumbles, *Remember Nevada? That one year?* and Dean groans, mumbles, *Fuck, yeah*. Sam pushes against him with his hips, presses against Dean's cock, and they both hiss, sigh.

Dean eases his brother onto his back, Sam grappling for the lube they

left on the nightstand. He looks up at Jess with Dean pushing inside. His face is flushed and his lips are bitten red and swollen. He throws his head back when Dean shoves, harder. Harder.

Jesus. His voice is sex-slow and rough, and Dean grabs his hand, twisting their fingers together, almost brutal, and Sam holds on. *God*, he's saying. ***Dean***.

Jess hugs a pillow tight to her stomach. Forgotten, a fly on the wall.

Dean slips out of his brother still hard and Sam curls his fingers around him. The gesture is comfortable, familiar. He tugs his hand free of Dean's grip and winds his arm around his back, tugging him close.

Easy, he says against the shell of Dean's ear, and Dean makes a noise like a growl and shoves forward into Sam's fist. Come splashes Sam's fingers, his stomach, and Dean collapses, draped across his brother's body.

They lay together motionless, ribs creaking as they fight to catch their breath.

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Dean in front, inside her, his teeth in her shoulder and her arms looped around his neck. Jess is in his lap, whimpering when he bucks up, hard, panting against her skin. *Oh*, she breathes. *I want—*

Sam holds her from behind, digging fingerprint bruises into her hips. He's hard against her, tiny little jerks forward, little smudges of precome wet against her back. He moves one hand, slips down her thigh, between her legs. Finds her clit, rubbing while Dean thrusts, and Jess falls back against his chest, lost between them.

I know, he tells her, and kisses her shoulder. *I know*.

::

Morning. She doesn't wake up first or last. Sam is still asleep beside her, and she slides off the mattress slowly, careful not to make a sound. The other bed is rumpled. Slept in but empty. Through the gap in the dusty curtains, she can see a sliver of Dean, standing and watching the street.

Sam's shirt is hanging over the back of the chair. It reaches halfway down her thighs when she pulls it on.

Hey, Dean says, not turning around. He leans against the railing, watching the sun rising over the stubby pine trees lining the parking lot.

Hey, Jess says, like an agreement. She drags her fingers through her hair, tangled and sweaty at the base of her neck. Two minutes, four. Seven. Finally, she blurts it out. *I wanted to know*, she says. *How it was like with you two. I didn't. I didn't expect—*

He snorts, turns to face her. *And you were expecting* ***what****?*

She bites her tongue. Doesn't answer. Pulls her hair away from her face with both hands, wishing for a rubber band.

I'm not leaving, she tells him. *I won't*.

Behind the pine trees, a truck goes by, rattling to wake the dead. A swarm of birds swell up like gnats out of the branches and disappear. Dean turns to face the room, the window. Too much of a glare to see inside, but he watches anyway.

Jess bites her lip. *He's smiling again.*

Dean nods once. Rolls his shoulders. His back cracks, a pop pop pop.

Yeah, he says finally. *I noticed.*